THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

Write plainly on one side of the r only, and number the pages.
Use pen and ink, not pencil.
Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over Original stories or letters only

will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest-in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

A Letter from the Country. Dear mamma, I know you'll be looking For a letter today from me; So I'll sit me right down by the window And write you just what I see.

A busy speckled mother hen, With eleven little chicks, Is scratching very earnestly Around a pile of stleks, A noisy turkey gobbler Is strutting near the shed,

So very angry that the blood Has all rushed to his head. There are two white calves, half hidd In their clover beds;
The four brown tips a-peoping
Are wee horns upon their heads.
Eight funny little piggles And each as quick as wink; The little scampers wear a dress

Of thin white over pink. Bridget, with her skirt pinned up, is milking Brindle Bess;
Old Tab, the cat, is waiting
For a saucerful, I guess.
There are swallows darting from the

eaves. Doves cooing on the barn— Oh, my! a robin just flew past, With a bit of yarn. With a bit of yarn.
There are cows and sheep and horses,
Chickens and ducks and geese,
And only think, a deer pet lamb,
That has a dark brown fleece.
The apple blossoms fill the air
With just the sweetest smell—

Dear mamma, I would write you more But there's the breakfast bell. -Tell papa that I really think For little girls and boys, The country is a nicer place Than cities full of noise.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE.

YOUR LITTLE NELL. -Philadelphia Record.

AWAKES.

I do not know how the Wide-Awakes regard the barefoot boy, whether they look askance at him or gaze at him

Most of the older citizens can remember when the greater part of the boys and part of the girls went barefoot all summer, and they had sore feet | 1635.

that the poets have sung about him and the great artists have painted him upon canvas to adorn the walls of hundred men, women and children,

rrents of air and electricity. It is less an indication of poverty than it is

or him to do.

nothing better for a child's foot or any can absorb a lot of sunlight through his shanks if he gets half a chance. resistance against disease."

Our Wide-Awake boys should all

A well known physician says: "Give me my choice between the barefoot boy and his unfortunate shoed and stockinged brother and I should be rejuctionally between the barefoot will many others. All these are rich in antly compelled to choose the coddled one, being, as you might say, a doctor following the sick for a living. Some-

than some of the girls in school. I just hope she won't try to punish me

how a family doctor doesn't often get a chance to look over a barefoot boy. If he did he would perhaps conclude that one day Apollo went on a journey, going barefoot is a positive aid in the prevention of tuberculosis and some other useless diseases."

It is estimated that there are eight million barefoot boys in America during the long summer vacation, and we hope our Wide-Awakes will be among them.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Walter Gavigan of Willimantic, Hickory Ridge Boy Scouts.

3—Carrie A. Pratt of Pomfret Center, Camp-fire Girls Amid the Snows.

5—Rose Eagan of Willimantic, Rhymes, Jingles and Fairy Tales.

8-Muriel W. Holdridge of Norwich,

Winners of prize books may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a.m. on Thurs-

Susan Hatten of Mt. Hope: I have received two prize books from you and thank you very much for them. I have read them and they were very inter-

AWAKES.

the Idian and means "Long River." This name was given to the Connecticut river and later as the river flowed

from stubbed toes and stone galls. Emigrants from Boston founded Wethersfield and Windsor in 1635.

cheeks.

It has become proverbial that the barefoot boy is seldom seen among the juvenile patients of the doctors. He is such a representative of health and joy that the poets have sung about him.

Wethersfield and Windsor in 1635.

In the autumn of the same year an English company sent a band under John Winthrop, who built a fort at Saybrook, at the mouth of the river. In the charter given Winthrop by the company he was spoken of as "Governor of the River Connecticut."

It is good for a boy to have his feet started for Connecticut. It is good for a boy to have his feet with them they took their cattle, at the warm ground and feeling the hogs and household goods.

was a tireless to were no roads or boats to bring them across streams. At last, after a jour-Every boy who wants to go barefoot should have the privilege, because it is the most natural thing in the world.

The part year.

At last, after a journear as it fanned her with its own delightful coolness.

"Poor little buttercup!" said the girl when the breeze had finished its little after.

A doctor writes: "Most all foot trou-les among children, we believe, are raused by bad footwear. There is

government made "by the people for the people." Later on, the constitution of the United States was formed in

as to say: "Didn't I tell you so "
Suddenly a sweet voice sounded clear

During this speech Dan's face took

just such a good, strong boy as you to assist me in so many ways, and could you go with me to gather ferns and flowers to trim the schoolroom?" Dan moved about uneasily. Then he said slowly: "Please forgive me. I do dish to be your friend and I know the

any larger school. I punish me y."

as Laura, as Laura, taning into the scholars wondered at Dan's good behavior, not knowing he had been conquered by kindness, and ever after taning into the scholars wondered at Dan's good behavior, not knowing he had been conquered by kindness, and ever after taning into the scholars was his teacher's right hand man.

first planted colonies under many se vere trials.
WALTER GAVIGEN, Age 13.

The Beautiful Maiden. Once upon a time there was a beautiful maiden whose name was Coronis.
Apollo was a god who loved her and
made her his wife. They lived together very long and were happy.
Coronis had a little boy named Esculapius. Everything was full of gladness in Apollo's home.

alone. Apollo went to his home, which was on the Parnassus mountains.

When he went he said: "I must hear from you every day. My white crow will fly to and fro and tell me all about you, if you are well or unwell."

The crow was very wise. It could

The crow was very wise. It could talk. The crow was a great tatler and sometimes said wrong things. It would begin an untruth and would fly away to make up some more; but the crow was the only thing that could carry news to Apollo, because there was no

The crow brought happy reports for many days. The news was: "Coronis is well."

One day it brought sad news and came much earlier than on other days.

It cried "Cor-Cor-Cor." It was out of breath. It could not speak the

whole name. Apollo said: "What is the matter?
Has something happened to Coronis?
Tell me the truth!"

"Coronis does not love you!"
With his silver bow in his hands, he started at once for home. When he got near the village he heard footsteps of someone running in the grove. He quickly fitted the arrow to its bow. He pulled the string: "Twang!" and the arrow flew like a flash of light through the air.

He heard a wild cry of pain and he went in the grove. There he saw on the grass his dear Coronis. She had seen him and was running gladly to greet him. The arrow had entered her heart, and when Apollo came she could only say his name, and then she

Frank Pardy of Norwich: I thank you very much for the nice prize book you gave me entitled Madge Morton's Secret. I have read it and I found it very interesting.

Hattie Perkins of Colchester: I thank you ever so much for the lovely prize book you sent me June 10 entitled

Lead only say his name, and then she was dead.

The crow was sitting on a tree near by. "Cor! Cor! Cor!" it began. It wanted to finish its story. Apolio grew angry and said: "Cursed bird! You shall never say a word but 'Cor! Cor!" all your life. Your feathers will no longer be white, but black as the middle of the night!"

And this is why the crows say: And this is why the crows say: "Cor! Cor!" and are black.

IRENE VONASEK, Age 11. West Willington. The Common Butteroup.

The buttercup sighed a little discouraged sigh as it swayed limply in the breeze. It felt very sad, so sad, indeed that a big tear formed in the ilke a diamond in the sunshine.

The breeze paused sympathetically, and murmured in its softest, sweet-

est tone:
"Won't you tell an old friend, dear buttercup why you are so sad? Perhaps I can help you, for I am indeed sorry you are troubled." The buttercup smiled gratefully at the breeze, but the smile ended up in a sigh as it said:

cut river and later as the river flowed through what was then termed the west, the name was also given to our state.

As early as 1634 the settlement of Connecticut was begun, but a permanent settlement was not made until 1635.

Emigrants from Boston founded "Oh, its no use: I'm just a common, unlovely flower and nobody wants me. I never realized how common I am the intervention of the common when a little girly passed with her arms filled with lilies and bleeding-hearts. She looked at me and said, These buttercups just make me sick! A whole field full of ugly vellow flowers. They're so common! "Oh, its no use! I'm just a common, unlovely flower and nobody wants me. yellow flowers. They're so common!' Perhaps she didn't know that I under-stood, but I did, I did! And I'm so unhappy

The breeze understood and sympa-thized, for it rocked the buttercup in its arms, very gently, caressing the golden petals; and then it went its way meditating on the manners of human beings.

Pretty soon the breeze saw a young girl scated on a stone by a brook listening thoughtfully to the music of the water as it rippled and gurgled over

the sand stones.

"Just the person I want." thought once called upon him the breeze, and going up to the girl enough to start in "Do you drink?"

little story. "Won't you take me to it, dear breeze?" So the breeze took it, dear breeze? So the breeze took the girl to the buttercup and then left her there feeling sure she would comfort the lonely little flower.

The girl knelt beside the flower and. taking the yellow cup in her hands, shook out the big dewy tear. Then she said:

"Do you not know that you are beautiful, Your petals are like living gold—your color is as condensed sunshine. You are the personification of joy—this whole wonderful field of you nodding and smiling among the green shine grass and the daisles. People passing along the road—people who are weary in body and in soul—see you weary in body and in soul—see you and their hearts are gladdened for you remind them of God, you make them think that they were young once. She who called you ugly and common had a soul too small to know true beauty. So brace up, dear buttercup! Be glad and those who see you will be

glad ,too!"

And the buttercup felt a throb of joy it lifted it's head happily and smiled CARRIE A. PRATT, Age 16.

One Good Turn Deserves Another. It was a very sunny day and passing along the shore we could hear the merry laughter of children busy with their mud pies and digging wells.

But here we stopped and listened. Was that a scream of some one? We have the shore and the shore and the shore and the stopped and stopped to the shore and the shore and the stopped and the shore are shore as the shore and the shore are shore as the shore as the shore are shore as the shore as hurried to the shore, and there a wo-man was in the deepest spot of the river screaming for help.

woman to shore. She was soon re-lieved by the help of other people. Two months passed and the lit-tle girl was eleven years old. Many people came and brought her presents, but the little one was sad, though she

but the little one was sad, though she did not tell what she wished.

Soon the door opened and in walked the woman she had saved; and whom she wished to see. She ran to the door and embraced her with kind words, and once more there was a happy gleam in her eyes, But among her presents was six beautiful silver halls which were presented to her a nice quiet read in a sheltered corher presents was six beautiful silver bells, which were presented to her from the woman who she saved, and this was her motto: "One good turn deserves another."

An old gentleman had come out with his camp stool and book to have a nice quiet read in a sheltered corner. He had hig lunch in his pocket some sandwiches and buns.

A little lamb, who had been petted by the children and knew what burst deserves another."

MOLLY PALEY, Age 13. Colchester.

Grace Darling.

Long ago there stood on the shores of the Faroe Islands a little light house, A little girl and her father lived in it. One night Grace Darling heard a noise and at daylight, Grace saw in a distance a ship in distress. that they mush go and try to save the wrecked people. Her father said it was of no use

because the waves were too strong.

Grace insisted and her father could not say no, so they started, and Grace thought she should never reach the place where the hald-drowned men place where the half-drowned men Grace's father climbed on the deck and got all the men into his boat. It was not long before they were all safe in the lighthouse. Grace cared for them until they were well enough to return to their

was put on her grave. On it was carved her picture and in her left hand was an oar. MYRTLE DUPREY, Age 12. Colchester.

The Old Horse's Christmas. The hour for school closing had arrived and the children were all listening eagerly to what Miss Martin had to say about Christmas. "Children," said the teacher, "we have a large Christmas fund this year and I am sure we could have a tree and do more good besides. I have suggested that we give our friends, the horse, cat and dog, a Christmas

"How many children," went on the teacher, "think of their pets at Christmas time?"

The children all approved of the

Christmas time?"

More than a dozen hands went up.
Mary Prentiss was the first to be called. "Well. Mary," said Miss Martin, "Let us hear you."

Mary began, "I always have something on the tree for my cat. "Flossy," Last year I had a new silk cushion and a hag of catnip." called. "Well, Mary," said Miss Martin, "Let us hear you."

Mary began, "I always have something on the tree for my cat. 'Flossy.' Last year I had a new silk cushion and a bag of catnip."

Robert Prentiss said: "Father let me give my horse an extra feed of oats."

"Well" said the teacher "I think having a piece.

"Well," said the teacher, "I think you have been very good children."
We will now talk about a poor horse which we are going to help. "How many of you have ever seen a junkman driving an old, broken-down, lame horse." Almost every child raised their hand, for they had seen him.

"Well, that is the horse we are going to help. Mr. Prentiss (Mary'h father), is going to call the junkman in and try to sell him some iron he has in his cellar, then he will try to "Well, that is the horse we are going to help. Mr. Prentiss (Mary'h father). Is going to call the junkman in and try to sell him some iron he has in his cellar, then he will try to get the horse and we will give it a happy Christmas.

The children were then dismissed and told to be at Mary's house at 5 o'clock.

All the children were at the big farm

All the children were at the big farm house at the appointed hour. The junkman was at the bottom of the hill and it was bitter cold.

The horse was all bones and looked as if he could never climb the hill, and if he could have spoken human language he would have said: "I can-not climb this hill, it is too slippery, and besides, I'm only half shot, and when I reach the top only to sleep in a half broken shed and eat poor

But the junkman gave him a smart crack with the whip which made him start and when he got half way up the hill, which was as far as Mr. Prentiss house, Mr. Prentiss came out While they were thus talking Mr. Prentiss said, "I will give you five dollars for your horse."

The old man looked sad, but said. "You may have it for ten."

Mr. Prentiss said, "I will give you what you ask, but it is hardly worth the best hens for their and Rhode it."

No sooner had the chief.

these words than out they came. Robert searched high and low in the wagon for a blanket, for the horse but none was could be find.

The children had the old horse out of his harness in an astonishing short time and into a large, warm stall. When all was quiet, Mr. Prentiss said: "I will lend you one of my horses to get home with, and in the morning I will send you the iron, a bag of potatoes and a load of wood as a present for your wife."

Meanwhile the old horse in the stall Meanwhile the old horse in the stall ooked from one side to the other and rubbed his large nose against the head

The children took turns in watching him eat. Could he be dreaming? No. it was all true. CECILIA STERRY, Age 12.

"A little," replied the young man, "Quit it! Quit it for a year and hen come to me."

At the end of the year the youn man presented himself and said he had not taken a drop of liquor during

the year. "Quit It! Quit it for a year and

At the end of the year the young man again called and told Mr. Childs he had given up smoking. "Do you chew?"
"Occasionally."
"Quit it! Quit it for a year and

hen come to me again."

The young man gave up chewing, ulso, but at the end of the year he did not return to Mr. Childs. When asked by a friend why he did not go to Mr. Childs again, he said: to Mr. Childs again, he said:
"Oh, if I go to see him now, I know
what he will say. He will tell me
that I have given up drinking and
smoking and chewing; that I ought
to have money enough to start in
business for myself. And I have."

ALIX DUGAS, Age 13.

Versailles

The Autobiography of a Kitten. I am a little gray and white kitten. am only a month old. When I was very small I lived in a big barn in

In the hay were two other kittens, tho were black and white. One day some children found me and brought me and my mother down-stairs. My mother picked me up in ner mouth and started upstairs. On the way up she dropped me and hurt ne of my legs.

The children picked me up and took me into the house, where my leg was bandaged up. It soon grew well and I ould walk as well as ever.

I like to play ball with the chil-

I hope when I grow old I will not be such a naughty cat. ALICE MAY AYER, Age 12.

by the children, and knew what buns were like, and thought them very nice, smelled these in the old gentleman's pocket, and told the old sheep; and then, of course, they all came to smell, and see if they could get at the buns: and the poor gentleman had to run

away. FRANK PARDY, Age 14.

Nut Brittle. One day several of my friends, Olive, Louise, Rose and Doris, came to visit me. Somehow we got talk-ing about candy. ing about candy.

"I saw a good recipe in yesterday's paper," said Louise, "it is lucky I have it in my pocket. I clipped it out of the paper."

"Let me see it, said Doris. "My. I think that will be good," "Why can't we make it now " asked I.

We all went to the kitchen after putting large aprens on

outting large aprons on.
"Please read the recipe,' said Rose. "Two cups granulated sugar and A friend gave me some eggs last

nuts.

"Now, Olive, get a dish to melt the sugar in, grease it first. Louise greased the rolling pin. I will melt the sugar," said I.

"If you have your things done you can watch me. Rose brought the nutmeats, Louise chopped them. See the sugar is beginning to melt, I will stir it until it is a golden brown, then put the nutmeats in Rose."

"Hurry! bring the greased pan and rolling pin, put the meats in. Rose, you may pour the candy on the pan; and Louise roll it as thin as wafers. Now we will set it to cool for several minutes. Only first we will mark it

we went back to the parior each having a piece.
Soon they all left and said they would make it often.
It is very economical, too, because you put in it only the sugar and nut meats. ELIZABETH PARKER, Age 13.

Mansfield Four Corners.

the ground, but spread a cloth under the tree to catch them. Then they spread them on mats to dry. When they are dry they will roll them with rollers and the seeds drop out. The best coffee comes from Arabia.

Brazil sends out enough to supply nearly the whole world.

learly the whole world. Coffee is used as a drink. MYRTLE KING, Age 10.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. Hens, Chickens and Eggs.

Dear Uncle Jed: As some of the Wide-Awakes are in the poultry club will write what I know about hens.

food and green food. They should be fed enough to keep them in good condition, but not overfed, and they should be induced to take plenty of exercise. In winter time they should have quotations, forms, music, drawings and

mashed feed once a day.

Young chickens should be fed a little at a time and often. If they are given ground food alone, therne-is great danger of overfeeding. Good results are obtained by feeding cracked grains from the time the chickens are hatched until they reach maturity.

When chickens are five or six weeks old they may be fed on cracked corn or wheat and hulled oats. If chickens cannot get grain, some kind of green

feed should be provided. Lettuce and cabbage are very good for this pur-Some kind of meat should be pro-vided, such as green cut bone or meat scraps. Finely cracked grit should be

Lucy's Playmate. Dear Uncle Jed: Lucy had a fine arge dog. She called him Jip. Lucy a small girl with yellow curls and blue eyes. When Lucy went to play Jip was always with her. When Lucy went out prairie. One day she went a long way from home. Jip was not with

ed and barked.

John, the hired man came out, and Jip ran a ways and gave a poyful bark. John followed and Jip took him to the place where Lucy lay. John picked her up and carried her home. with Jip barking joyfully by his side. Ever after Jip was always with Lucy.

LENA SAYLES, Age 12.

Moosup. The Little French Poodle, Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a French poodle that lives near us. His name is Tango. He is all white except his ears. They are

ofown. He is a puppy.

He is not very old, so he can do only a few tricks. He can jump very high. He can jump through your arms. Lately he has learned to sit up and stand up. He is hard to catch. One night he gave me a good chase. I wanted to pet him and teach him new tricks. I thought I could get him by running after him and get him tired out; but he got me tired out first. So I coaxed him with a bone, At last I caught him, but then I had to get my supper, so I thought it would be wiser to teach him tricks

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Age 10. Norwich. The Cool, Inviting Grove. Uncle Jed: Up back of our house by the pond there is a grove. It is always nice and cool there in the sum-mer time, so my brother made some

seats by the trees, a swing and a hamlike to go up there to sew or read One day a flock of sheep were left I like to go up there to sew or read or a little while without anyone to on very warm days. It is about ten minutes' walk from the house Some-times while I am up there my younger orothers fish.
I don't think there is much fun to

sit on the bog rock fishing because I never catch any fish. I'd rather swing in the hammock and read.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12. Stafford Springs. Rose's Red Flag.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the first time I have written a letter to you. I am going to tell you about my work in school I go to the Model school, Willi-I go to the Model school, Willimantic, grade II A.

My teacher said whoever had perfect word study all the while week should have a red flag on their desk.

So I had perfect word study all the week, and I had a pretty red paper flag pinned on my desk; five visitors saw my flag.

My teacher let me take it home, and I am very proud of it.

I am very proud of it.
ROSE EAGAN, Age \$. Willimantic. Mary's Bantams, Dear Uncle Jed: I have two Bantam hens and two roosters.

The hens' names are Daisy and Pearl and the roosters are Uncas and happy to meet again.

EDITH PURVIS, Age 10.

half a cup of nut meats, we will use walnutg" said Louise.

"Let's all help get the nuts ready, then do the other part," said Alice.

"I will crack them and the others (Olive. Doris, Louise and Rose), will pick the meats out," said I.

Soon these were done and we ate nearly as many as we put in the cup, but fortunately there were plenty of nuts.

"Now, Olive, get a dish to melt the picked her up and brought her in. picked her up and brought her in. She acted as if she wanted to get down. I put her down and she began to look all around. At last she went into the sewing room and jumped up into mother's work basket. She kept moving around until she mode. moving around until she made a nice little nest out of the stockings. We knew she was going to lay an egg. My brother and I didn't go into the room, but we kept peeking in at the

door.

At last she came out to me. I picked her up and petted her. She had laid a nice little white egg.

The next day was stormy and we didn't go to school.

She flew up on the window and mother opened it and let her in She didn't seem anxious to get down, and I held her quite a while. After a while I put her down and she went into the sewing room and laid aninto the sewing room and laid an other egg.

The reason she came to the house

was because Daisy was setting and wouldn't let her on the nest.

Some people think hens haven't any brains, but I think they have.

When I feed the chickens they fly on my head and shoulders. It's fun to have them fly on me. One little Guinea flies on us a lot. We make pets of the turkeys and the ducks and the guineas.

MARY LOUISE BRUSH, Age 12.

The Mimeograph. Dear Uncle Jed: As we have a mineograph at our high school, I thought it would interest the Wide-Awakes if

wrote a description of it The mimeograph is a machine which will produce a large number of exact copies by the stencil process. It will duplicate anything written with a typewriting machine or pen. The stencil is produced by writing with a stylus on paper placed on a steel block. The surface of the block is covered with minute elevations, which plerce the paper as the stylus is pressed upon

The best mimeographs are rotary, the essential feature being a perforated cylinder revolved by a crank. Over the outside is a cloth pad to carry the lak, which is applied with a brush or by a special inking device, to the interior surface. In some instances the first Inking

et one is done to the outside of the pad beed eggs brown- cil is fastened outside the ink pad.
Rocks, The pile of paper to be used is placed on the shelf provided and the margin adjusted. The cylinder is then adjusted to print the matter at just the right place on the sheet. The mineograph furnishes a very

> anything written or drawn by hand, or cut on a typewriter. JESSIE BREHAUT.

Sea Birds. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write about the birds of the sea. The sea birds that we know and love best are the gulls—beautiful creatures with great strong wings and soft grey and white plumages. No matter what part of the coast you visit you are almost sure to see sea gulls; indeed there are very few parts of the world in which members of the guil family are not

How Mr. Child's Furnished the Money.

During the life of the late George
W. Childs, the great Philadelphia publisher and philanthropist, a young man once called upon him to borrow money enough to start in business.

"Do you drink?" said Mr. Childs.

"A little," replied the young man.

"Colchester.

"A little," replied the young man.

"Colchester.

"Colchester.

"Colchester.

"Scraps. Finely cracked grit should be kept in a box where the chickens may help themselves at all times. They should have water from the day they wings to carry them safely great distances over the sea, and powerful hooked beaks with which they snap up the fishes, and crush the shells of many of the mollusks.

The gulls that we often see on our

Herring gull, while the pretty little Kittiwake and the lesser Black-backed gulls are fairly common. Gulls are the most terribly hungry nd blue eyes. When Lucy went out birds, and will eat almost anything play Jip was always with her.
Lucy's home was near the wild for the sake of the scraps of food that are thrown overboard. They follow the shoals of herring, pilchard and way from home. Jip was not with the shoals of herring, pichara and her. So Lucy's mother sent Jip after her. He found her lying on the grass. He took hold of her dress and tried to pull her along; but Lucy was tired and would not move.

Jip ran back to the house and barkgent birds and if a gull happens to find a fine fat mollusk, whose shell is too hard to crack, he will often fly high into the air with it and drop it plump on a rock. Then, if the shell does not break, he will fly up again and again with it, going higher and higher each time, until at last it is broken, and the clever gull can enjoy

the nice plump morsel within MAY MARGARET DANAHY.

Muriel's Pet Cat. Dear Uncle Jed: I'm going to tell you about our kitty. We found him in the ash barrel two years ago. He was a little kitten then. Now he is a big cat and weighs 12 1-2 pounds. He is a tiger cat. We say he has a white shirt bosom because his fur is white under his throat. He is quite to the manor born. All he will eat is salmon, potatoes, beefsteak and milk. He has never stayed out at night since we had him, but always sleeps on his bed on the top cellar stair. If he wants to go outdoors he will try to turn the door knob with his paws. If we go in a room where he is an

say, "Are you here, Pepper?" he will say: "Purr! Purr!" say: "Purr! Purr!"

If he is upstairs and we call him he will talk in his cat way all the way will talk in his cat way all the way. walk over the plano keys ever so many times and seems to enjoy the sound. We often find him asleep on top of the

He will jump ever so high over your hands and sometimes he romp through the house, upstairs and down stairs several times. You ought to see the rugs when he gets through. The house looks as if He likes to play with the water when it drops from the faucet at the link. Don't you think he is a funny

cat? MURIEL W. HOLDRIDGE, Age 8. Norwich. Two Sisters.

Dear Uncle Jed: I'm going to tell ou about two sisters. They lived in a large forest in a litand she had to tend to her younger slater. Her mother was taken into slavery in the war. Her father was fighting hard to get her back. The girl of eight had to knit for a living. She was very tired that day She worked hard. She took her knit-ting and rocked the baby to sleep. She wasn't knitting long when she als fell asleep. Naughty kitten, seeing her chance

Maughty kitten, seeing her chance, made a jump at the yarn. She twisted it around the chairs, the bed, the cradle and around the girl's feet.

The girl dreamed of her father and mother coming home. Something touched her feet. She woke up. There was her mother and father taking the yarn off her feet. They were very happy to meet again.

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J. F. CONANT.

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just hope she won't try to punish me but then I'm ready, anyway."

The first bell had rung as Laura,

that mischievous Dan Smithers comes she arrived and also that he wasn't again this term." "That's right," declared her com"Sounds just like him, doesn't it?"
replied Laura soberly. meant to be so naughty, only he was
the oldest and tallest boy in school, so
of course, boy-like, thought he could
play the great 'I am.'"

"Come," said her companion, "let's
go in together."

Laura looked at her friend as much
as to say: "Didn't I tell you so" After supper that evening a number

boys of various ages sat round the

age to say: "Didn't in the say of the

other sports and lastly spoke of school.
"Well, Dan, spose you'll go again spose you'll go again gling.

'spose you'll go again gling.

"Why, children!" exclaimed Miss
"Why, children!" exclaimed to think you this term," said the storekeeper with broad grin on his face.
"Yes, and raise particular dickens, should laugh at anyone so much older than yourselves. I am very sure Dan desn't care to be laughed at." "Yes, and raise particular dickens, too," spoke up another.
"Oh, how you do throw compliments," said Dan with a sneer. "Of course, I'm going—a new teacher—guess I wouldn't miss it. Can't none of them high-headed college grades get ahead of me or make me toe the mark, "The"

"There, now, don't get excited beforehand. You know you ought to
study more and play less in school
hours, if you stop to think twice," remarked the storekeeper, looking slyly
at Dan, who now began to laugh, then
hastily remarking "Now don't any of
you lay awake on my account, for I'll
play when I please," with a quick step
he left the store. play when I please," with a quick step he left the store.
Once out of doors, Dan heard the Once out of doors, Dan heard the evening train come puffing in the little station.

"Well, for the land sake!" he exclaimed. "Til bet that's the new Dan. "Now you may go," she said claimed. 'Til bet that's the new schoolmarm. Huh! Ain't any larger

8-Frederick C. Kendall of Norwich, Boy Scouts for Uncle Sam. 7-Mary Louise Brush of Fitchville, Camp-fire Girls Across the Sea.

3-Thomas O'Connell of Norwich, Boy Scouts in the Blue Ridge.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

you ever so much for the lovely prize book you sent me June 10 entitled Madge Morton's Victory. I have start-ed to read it and like it very much.

Mildred V. Morley of Eagleville: thank you very much for the prize book you sent me entitled Meadow Brook Girls Afloat. It was very in-

Connecticut. The name Connecticut is taken from

nothing better for a child's foot or any The tribe was soon overcome and other persons' foot than freedom and after hunting the woods for a few exercise—nothing better than the removal of the splint, the brace which constitutes the shoe. * * * * A boy

Today Connecticut is rich in soil and all have a chance to go barefoot and manufactures. When we say rich in soil we mean that it is rich in agri-

"School will begin tomorrow, and I wonder what the new teacher will be like?" said Laura excitedly. "I know one thing, she'll find trouble enough if that mischleren Day Smithers told us he saw her last evening when

general store discussing baseball and you please, I wish to see you after other sports and lastly spoke of school." This caused a general gig-

desk, fully expecting punishment of some kind. What was his surprise when Miss Varney said: "Well, Dan, are you and I to be friends or not? I surely hope we are, for I shall need

2-Irene Vonasek of West Willington, Black Beauty.

4-Alex Dugas of Versailles, Betty

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE.

'he next year a war was declared the Pequots, an Indian tribe who

It increases his hemoglobin, his red the same manner. Therefore, the Con-blood cells, his digestive capacity, his necticut constitution may be said to be the father of all those that came after

THE NEW TEACHER AND DAN

"Dan Smithers, if

on a scarlet hue, and his eyes fell. Really ashamed for once. After school, Dan walked up to the

Dan. kindly.